



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

and we do care what our older neighbors, among whom were our forbears, think of us and our doings.

What encouragement to the practice of the Fine Arts in America is a tariff? Artists cannot copy individuality and personality, the very qualities that vibrate in every good picture; moreover they do not want to do so. American artists are self-sufficient but not self-conceited. They desire to see and study all that is good in art—else why go abroad?—and they endeavor to do everything that is good in art, they compete with foreign brethren of the brush without a mail-shirt, a pap-bottle or a big brother to “stand by.”

Those men who put an iniquitous tariff on art probably never knew a real artist, or if they did, regarded him as an inferior being; and many of the law-makers patronizingly give to artists the advice the witty Gilbert puts in the Lord High Admiral's mouth:

“Stick close to your desk and *never* go to sea,

And you all may be rulers of the Queen's navee.”

Tell me why do we have athletic competitions between Yale-Harvard and Oxford-Cambridge? Why are professors “exchanging” audiences and lecture-rooms, the New Yorker going to Berlin, the Frenchman to New York?

Is there a tariff on a muscular arm or leg? On an interesting topic and voice?

We have Sir Purdon Clarke; is *he* “through the customs” yet?

Every cent paid as a tariff on any work of art hinders the progress of our country, makes us petty, provincial and prejudiced, and is deplored by every artist and collector. Simultaneously the well-bred foreigner stands bewildered at Bartholdi's bronze welcoming the stream of incoming living ignorance, a pillar of fire for emigrants but a repelling cloud for art.

Artists know all this; they are neither fools nor bad business men. Tariff on Art is a bad *policy*, and should the American profession supinely tolerate a tax on its competitors, every artist knows that the picture-buyer takes this as a sure sign of fear of superiority. And the canny picture-buyer promptly seizes the unspoken hint and buys—what?

Trash, veritable trash. You must have seen the abominations and slick copies brought home after a rich man's first trip abroad,—Italian water-colors, Munich models, impossible soubrettes and grisettes and a “Cenci.” How some of these people gloat over getting one such thing through the customs without paying duty! Half his reason in buying it was to cheat the customs, half because it was foreign—feared and superior art;—by home talent loaded with a tariff.

Alas! even wise men now and then buy a prize-package, to get a pewter ring or a tin scarf-pin.

It was Taxation without Representation that caused our ancestors to rebel; it was never the amount of money paid, but the insult to their intelligence implied in its payment that stirred America. This Tariff on Art is taxation without reason; and there are hundreds of men all over this continent, patrons of art and artists, givers of prizes and subscribers to museums and galleries, who have yielded up the paltry sum at the customs on a vase, a carving, a photograph or a canvas with more reluctance and irritation than all the subsequent enjoyment of them has ever counterbalanced.

Admit freely pictures, good and bad alike; the bad ones will be relegated to the limbo of “unsold” and the good ones will stand forth as a permanent comparative and competitive show, a stimulus to every artist, a discourager of monotony.

Many stay-at-home Americans grumble because money is earned here and spent abroad, gadding along corridors of foreign pictures. Why, then, make our own galleries so freely full of pictorial glories that we may hold our ambient population who now, art-guide in hand, travel to see what our Congress practically bans.

As it is now, America gets absolutely the worst of it, even *with* the tariff, for there is an annual pilgrimage to this city of second-rate men who paint huge travesties of women and call them portraits. They forget to say portraits of silks, satins, laces *et practeria nihil*. These men win fashion's clientèle and absolutely injure, at one stroke, good art and good American portrait painters. In a recent article of Mr. Caffin's, his castigation of these poseurs—and he named a few outright—was a fine argument *against* a Duty on Art and *for* a tariff on over-rated men-milliners.

And what is to be done? What is the outcome of all this, if the artists do not want it and our National Treasury does not need it?

Pass a bill immediately admitting everything that can possibly be classed as belonging to the Fine Arts free of duty, so that, as with Irving, Ysaye, Melba, Burgstaller, Thackeray, Dickens and Lafayette, our country may be better that they have been in it. What such names as these few that start to to one's mind leave of music, letters and courage is a heritage to our people, something to be cherished,—not taxed, a step forward into light, civilization and the sacred realm of Art.

LEIGH HUNT.

ART AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

While the general subject of the Duty on Art is introduced in the articles by Louis Windmüller and Dr. Leigh Hunt, there may be added a specific argument as to the manner in which this nefarious law is being taken care of at the Custom House.

The duty on works of art is an outrage in itself, so the least one could demand would be that this preposterous process of making intellectual progress and elevation penal, should be honestly performed—but by all means there is some leather-headed ignoramus somewhere who invariably exposes the scandalous manner in which pictures and art objects are appraised by making occasionally some gigantic blunder.

The ways of the New York Custom House as applied to works of art are fearful and wonderful to contemplate. There is a law to prevent druggists from employing clerks who do not know anything about drugs, and a law against the practice of medicine by men who are not doctors. The Post Office will not employ a letter carrier or even a collector who cannot read and write, and the greenest boy in the district messenger service is required to know his way about town. Yet the Government in one of its most important departments confides the most delicate portion of the department's business to officials who know nothing whatever about the objects with which they are called upon to deal. The only way to justly judge and appraise works of art is to know works of art and their market value. The principle on which our Custom House operates is to ignore both these essentials.

The list of the victims is a long one since the Custom House navigated the extortion of a \$12,000 penalty from the late William Schaus for the crime of fetching the great Rembrandt “The Gilder” to this country, or when a duty was levied on the antique bronze, the little Eros, imported by Henry G. Marquand. There comes to mind the case of three Old Masters—an Isaac van Ostade, a Jan Van Goyen and a Pieter de Hooghe, imported some years ago by Mr. George A. Hearn. At the time pictures painted previous to the year 1700 were free. But the man with the chalk at the Port entry didn't know—and now we know, he couldn't know, so he levied impost, and it took an appeal to the Treasury Department to reverse him and make him assimilate a ragout of crow.

Again, Charles L. Tiffany imported a quantity of fans, made of silk and other materials and decorated with painted de-

signs. The Tariff buncombes assessed these fans as manufactures of which silk is the material of chief value, whereas the chief value was lying in the painting. At the time Judge Cox reversed the decision of the Board of General Appraisers which had sustained the Collector of the Port, saying: "To call such a work of art a manufacture of silk seems almost as irrational as to call the Venus of Milo a manufacture of marble."

And just now two cases come to light to prove that the dunce-cap is still worn on some official head.

A well-known art dealer imported some paintings by Adolph Schreyer which the Custom House wiseacres were not able to properly classify, although the law has a specific clause as to a reduction of duty if the pictures were painted under certain conditions—and the paintings were dated. The Board of Appraisers sustained the appeal of the importing firm.

But, most ignominious of all! The Appraiser at the Port of New York has declared that etchings are *not* works of art, but commercial products. Miss Mary Cassatt has been put under the ban. She is the well-known painter and etcher, who resides in Paris, but is a sister of President A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The question was on the importation of some etchings, which, being the product of an American artist, temporarily residing abroad, are duty free. But the Appraiser says no, and the etchings must pay duty, like lithographs and chromos.

The law itself is a rank outrage—the manner in which it is executed is an absurdity.

* * *

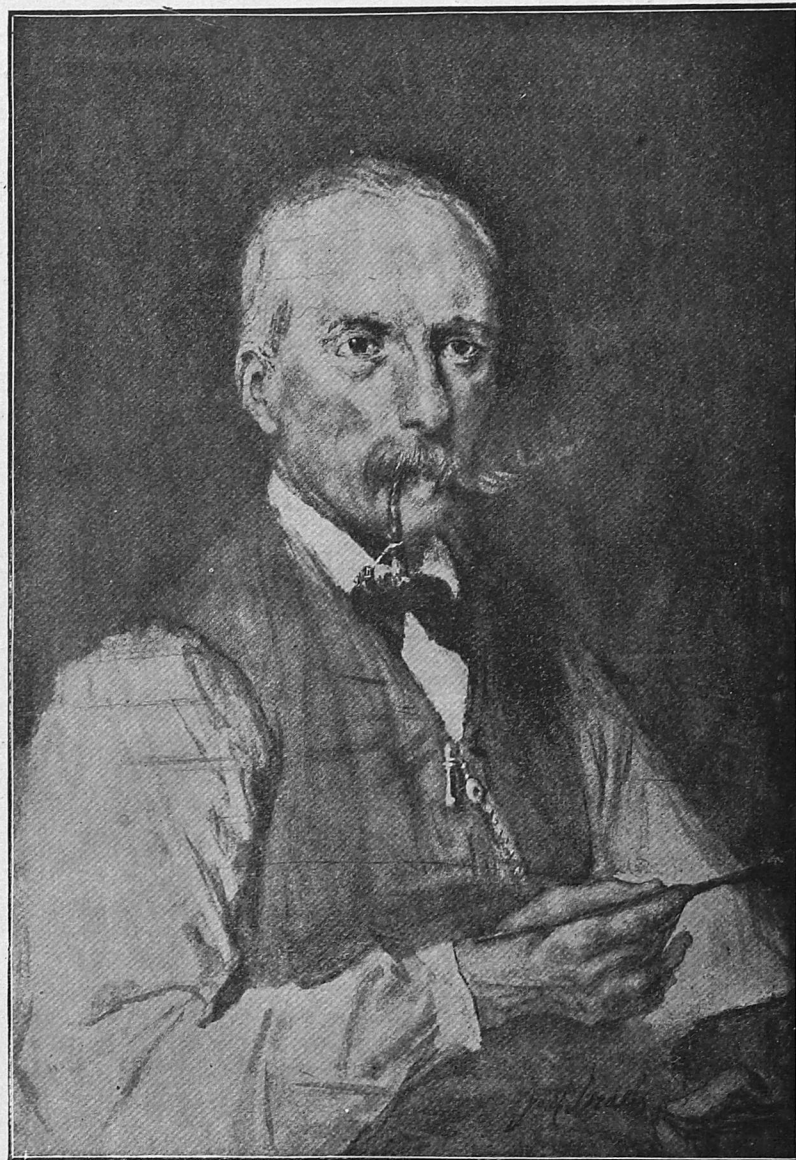
Another instance which is on a par with the Cassatt etching decision, comes up as we go to press. The firm of Tiffany & Co. has imported the large statue in bronze and ivory, "La Bellone," by Gerome. The Custom House wiseacres contend that it is "manufactured metal," dutiable at 45 per cent., and not a work of art, for which 20 per cent. duty should be paid. Argument as to the designation of such asinine stupidity seems superfluous.

THE EHRLICH SALE.

Special attention is called to the announcement of the coming sale of the collection of the Ehrlich Galleries. Mr. Louis R. Ehrlich, the head of these galleries, is recognized as an expert authority of "Old Masters," and as a gentleman of refined and cultivated taste. Every example offered at this sale will be accompanied by the following guarantee:

"The *genuineness* of this painting is guaranteed; that it is the original, not a copy; that it was painted in the epoch in which it is placed, and that it is characteristic and worthy of the artist to whom it is attributed. Should this be disputed by competent expert authority, the painting is returnable to us within one year from date of sale, at the price paid, plus interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum. Furthermore, every painting is exchangeable at full purchase price at the Ehrlich Galleries at any time within five years from date of sale."

The catalogue preface frankly states that the purpose of the sale is to convert the paintings into capital, which will be re-invested abroad in other examples of Antique Paintings, thus adding to the art-wealth of the nation. This sale will afford an exceptional opportunity to secure fine examples of the great classic masters under conditions which will make every buyer safe on the score of authenticity and genuineness. I strongly advise all art-lovers to examine these paintings, and I feel assured that many will take advantage of the special opportunity of this important sale. The catalogue has been prepared with great care, and it will be found both interesting and instructive.



A PORTRAIT BY
JOSEF ISRAELS.

J. H. WEISSENBRUCH.

The basis and framework of all artistic conceptions are found in Nature; the artist must go for his enlightenment and soul furnishing only to her.

Emerson tells us that,

"In the mud and scum of things,
There alway, alway something sings."

It is the mission of art to catch and teach the song that is in all the mud and scum of life. And it is the inborn possession of the faculty to see things in nature that others do not, and the ability to reveal these hidden beauties, giving us the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know, which makes the artist.

Landscape art above all others calls forth the artist's perceptive quality. It calls forth his appreciation of what is